

South Similkameen P.T.A.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS

*Mary Walter
Keremeos*

I. Elementary School :-

- 1st Prize....Facts About The Similkameen Indians-
Lorraine Angley
- 2nd Prize....Some Historical Facts of Keremeos-
Verena Sellmer
- 3rd Prize....Mines and Minerals- John Reid.
-History of Our Family- Don Marsel
-Keremeos Center - Steven Pacholuk
-History of Keremeos & the Similkameen-
Kathy Morris
-First Stone Grist Mill - Patsy Wiens.
-Keremeos - Jean Stewart
-History of Fruit Growing - Bill Reimche
-Similkameen Indians - Greg McGlashing
-Similkameen Indians - Stan Mattice

II. Secondary School :-

- 1st Prize....Portrait of Cawston - Gay Vesper
- 2nd Prize....Indian Names - Bernadine Allison
- 3rd Prize....The Great Flood - Debbie Harker
-Chinatown-Gone but not Forgotten-
Susan Clarke
-Hedley - Charlene Etty.

III. Others :-

-The Old Hedley School - Linda Miles.
- The Best Christmas For Local Pioneers - Dora L. Arnison
- Christmas Memories - A. H. Cawston (Gint)

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Mary Walter
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Facts About The Similkameen Indians

FIRST PRIZE - Lorraine Angly

Indian Reserves

The white-man has been generous in giving land to the Indians, though it was the Indian's land in the first place, until the Spanish came. The Indians long ago were quite different to the ones now. They lived in teepees and worshipped all sorts of gods. But now they live in well-built houses and go to church. The Indians were wild and free, but now they go by white-man's laws.

The Homes

The Indians homes are much like the white-man's. They are modern heated and insulated. There are curtains on the windows, television sets, electric toasters, and other electric appliances.

An Indian Trail

An ancient Indian trail was found heading from Keremeos to Princeton through the lower valley on the north side of the river. In the low water of the fall and early spring the trail was the only route up the valley so it was used all year long by the Indians. You can just picture it with an Indian walking along it through the trees, his mind lost in the beauty of it. The birds were calling to one another over the tree tops, a frightened rabbit hops across the path to safety on the other side, a creek rippling and laughing on its way. It still is pretty now, but not as pretty as the eyes of the Indian saw it many years ago.

Standing Rock

This rock is also known as Slanted Stone. Many legends have been taken from this stone. One is of a beautiful Indian girl that rode up the stone on her horse to attest her love and save the life of the man she

FACTS ABOUT THE SIMILKAMEEN INDIANS

loved. It is a romantic story, but is hard to believe. Another is of a tribe which said that who ever could run up the rock without slipping shall someday be chief. Now it so happens that a greedy Indian wanted to be chief. He was also smart and shy. He volunteered that he would climb the rock. The date was set for four days after. He crept out at night, and was practising. He put his foot on the flat rock but fell down. He was puzzled but just then he had an idea. He put pitch of a tree on the bottom of his moccasins, and the day of the trial, he walked straight up the rock. To announce his victory he stuck his arrow in the rock and a few years later when some white men came along, they found a rotten arrow still stuck in the rock.

Old Keremeos

Before the turn of the century, Keremeos town was located on this desolate sage-covered flat. This was the first Keremeos. It all began when the Spanish came all the way from Mexico but their ship was wrecked somewhere on the Columbia River. The Spanish (determined to reach their goal) trudged their way through the sage and cacti, till they came to a little spot that is now Keremeos. They set up camp and went out again. This time they picked a fight with some Indians. They went away to what is now Kelowna and built a settlement and called it Fort Kelowna. Then they came again to Keremeos but this time they were ambushed by the Indians. The battle was fought out on a hidden ledge somewhere in between Penticton and Keremeos and to this day the ledge is still not found but if you try to find it, Good Luck!

Standing Rock

This rock is also known as Slanted Stone. Many legends have been taken from this stone. One is of a beautiful Indian girl that rode up the stone on her horse to attest her love and save the life of the man she

SECOND PRIZE- Verena Sellmer

Indian Campsites, Lost Spanish Mounds, Indian Paintings and Old Hotels, what could be more intriguing than the history of the Similkameen? For years we have been finding more and more in our valley to be proud of.

The word Keremeos comes from an Indian word meaning "Windy Crossing Place". Keremeos has the interesting surroundings that are mentioned above. The lost Spanish Mound is not yet recovered, but they believe it to be in this area. This name comes from the Spaniards who were believed to be here in the 1700's. They marched through Keremeos and inflicted heavy losses on the Indians. Then they were believed to go up as far as the location of Kelowna. The Indians, lying in wait for them, attacked them on their journey and slaughtered every last man. Their graves are to be found in this location they say.

The Indian paintings between Hedley and Keremeos consist of two groups, which scientists believe were made in two different eras. One set is made of red ochre the other of brown ochre.

The old Hotel is one of the very few buildings left from Keremeos. Where once a town thrived and grew there is now a flat, coarse field filled with sagebrush. But for that we now have a new, growing town.

Mines and Minerals

THIRD PRIZE- John Reid

Copper Mountain

In 1884 one of the greatest copper mines in the history of Western Canada was discovered. An American, James Jameson, stumbled across this rich outcropping of native copper. (By the year 1892 Emil Wright and "Volcanic" Brown). They introduced operations at the camp which would later become famous as "Copper Mountain". This camp was one of the

greatest camps in history.

In over half a century it yielded millions of dollars in ore before closing.

Tulameen River

John Chance discovered this gold river while taking a drink of water out of the river.

The creek became famous almost over night. It was called Granite. In the rush that followed other gold streams were found: Boulder, Bear, Slate and Eagle.

The gold rush was short because there wasn't much gold. The total amount of gold taken out probably exceeded one million dollars.

Platinum

The Tulameen district is the only area in Canada and one of the few areas in the world where platinum has been recovered in placers in paying quantities.

More than 10,000 ounces of platinum have been taken from the creeks in this district.

In the early days the miners found this mineral a nuisance because of its tendency to block their riffles. Many an oath was muttered as the unsuspecting miners flung a fortune away while clearing their sluice-boxes of the innocent looking grey metal.

Nickel Plate Mine

In 1894 the first claims were staked on Nickel Plate Mountain. In 1899 Cahill staked the wedge which was eventually to become famous as the Hedley-Mascot, one of the richest fractions in British Columbia mining history.

There were many claims and mines in this rugged canyon country, but

The main ones were Nickel Plate Mine and Hedley-Mascot. Nickel Plate Mine was once the richest gold producer in Canada.

The great mines eventually closed down when the ore was exhausted.

Olalla

Olalla was once a fabulous mining town.

In the 1890's the area was considered "sure fire" mining country. Many promising claims assaying high in gold values were staked in the surrounding hills. The "Olalla Rush", however, never panned out, for the rich surface showings never went to depth so the brief rush died as quickly as it had started and Olalla became another "Just About" boom town.

Utica Mines

Utica Mines is still one of the few producing mines in this area. The Utica Mines is situated in the south Similkameen. About 80 men work at this mine.

Utica mine is situated in an area where silver and gold are mined in paying quantities.

In 1915, five men were employed on the Horn Silver group of four claims, situated fifteen miles south of Keremeos. One hundred and fifteen tons of ore were shipped to Granby Company smelting works at Grand Forks, at which the ore yielded a total of 23 ounces of gold and 7,779 ounces of silver.

In 1920 it was under the management of Condit Brothers of Similkameen. It continued active operation throughout the year. The average of 17 men was employed and 1,523 tons of silver and gold were shipped to Tacoma and Trail Smelters.

In 1928 the company was reorganized and called Big Horns Mines Ltd. The mine closed down on September 30, 1928. When the mine closed down, an average of nine men were employed including an experienced engineer and cook.

Mining has brought fame and fortune to many here and also brought settlers to this isolated region.

HISTORY OF OUR FAMILY

By Dan Marsel

My Great Grandfather came into this valley about eighteen forty-two. He lived out towards what we now call Penticton. He was the first mailman in this area. He used to get up about 5 o'clock and head for Penticton to pick up the mail. Sometimes he used to have to run all the way, not a real fast run, but he would stop on the way and rest. This would take him about six hours. He did this when something was wrong with the horse buggy.

When he would get back from Penticton he would deliver it. He did this for two years.

Then he got tired of this and went to work at Yellow Lake Sawmills, the remains of which are still there. At this time my Great Grandmother would be at the big ranch. They owned about hundred head of horses, three hundred head of cows, and other animals besides. They moved because they were burnt out when they told someone to watch the farm while they were on vacation.

They came back and found their house burnt to the ground. They left this place and lived where my uncle is living to this very day. My father ran the ranch along with my aunt and they have run it for twelve years until my aunt got married and Dad moved up to a place just past Green Mountain turn off. He lived for four years till he moved to Victoria which he did because he was sergeant there. Then after the war he moved to where we live now. We live on a little ranch just past Olalla.

KEREMEOS CENTER

By Steven Pacholuk

Between Olalla and Keremeos there stands a forlorn Hotel and a tumbled-down Dance Hall, the remains of Keremeos Center, once a stopping place on the old road to Hedley and Nickel Plate.

The Hotel, the Central Hotel by name, was operated by Halliburton Tweddle.

The Hotel had two floors and a small attic. The bar from the Hotel's Saloon has since been moved to a commercial "wild west" town.

The Dance Hall, which is right across the road from the hotel, is completely ingrown with weeds and is probably haunted by Barn Owls. Half of the stage has collapsed and not one door remains.

A little way down the hill behind the Hall, there is a dilapidated, two-room shack. It is not certain whether the shack is part of Keremeos Center.

When a fire destroyed most of the town, people moved either to Olalla or farther south to establish Keremeos.

THE HISTORY OF KEREMEOS AND THE SIMILKAMEEN

By Kathy Morris

Indians of the Ashnola and Indians of Chopaka lived in the Similkameen long ago. They were happy and free, and they roamed where ever they wanted. Their trails branched out in every direction. To the east they fished in Okanagan Lake and the Columbia River. To the west they had their trade trails to the Fraser River. Over the Fraser River they carried bundles of kimp to trade with the Coast Indians for salmon bellies and baskets.

When the Boundary Question was settled in 1846, the Hudson's Bay

Fur Brigade was diverted from the Colville and Fort Sheperd through the Kettle, Okanagan and Similkameen Valleys to Hope. The Indians at first resented the intrusion of the white men, but in time seemed to become reconciled to Chief Ashnola. He, after whom Ashnola Creek was named, was in appearance a typical Indian Chief. - tall, gaunt, with straggly hair, and wearing a long buckskin shirt. He was a firm figure riding his pony down the road as late as 1912. He was said to have had in his possession and hanging in his cabin, the scalps of many white men.

Later, John Nahumchin became Chief. He was a quiet farmer. Paul Terbasket still lives on an original cattle ranch. Although Paul is very old, he can still relate stories of the days when the first white men travelled through the valley. Paul tells of the occasion when the Indians ambushed and massacred several American soldiers near the old Similkameen school. The soldiers bodies were buried in a rockslide there and arrows can still be found there.

Gold was discovered on the Similkameen just about the time of the Fraser River excitement. There was a short stampede-Okanagan City rose out of the dust, flourished and died. Far to the west the Wild Horse Creek excitement in 1864 caused a 'trek' to the Kootenay. Governor Douglas decided that a road should be built from Allisons to the new mines. The pack trains of Governor Douglas, Judge Begie, Magistrates O'Rilly, Haynes and Vowell attracted the attention of many outsiders to the advantages of settlement in the Lower Similkameen.

Already in 1860, the Hudson's Bay Company had moved its trading post from Fort Okanagan to Keremeos in the Similkameen Valley. The first Hudsons Bay post was where the Cawston Store is today. The next Hudsons Bay post was located farther north at Keremeos. In 1871, Kootenay and Colville were closed up, and all the stock and goods were moved from Keremeos to Kamloops.

An early settler in the Similkameen was Manuel Barcelo who came from Mexico to Texas, and from there he drove a head of cattle to California in 1850. The Cariboo's gold rush attracted him to British Columbia. Manuel Barcelo became a packer for the Hudsons Bay Company from Fort Hope to the Similkameen and over to the Kootenay; and later homesteaded at Keremeos. His widow is now 82 years old. Living with her are two sons who are the only survivors of the ten children.

The first white women to reside in the valley was Mrs. Daniel McCurdy. Mrs. McCurdy's husband was born in Ontario in 1850.

For a while McCurdy's was the Customs Office at Lower Similkameen. The first school-house was built on McCurdy's property, and it opened in 1892. The Daly children, the Cawston boys and the Barcelos rode miles in winter and summer to keep their attendance. Sam McCurdy lives on the "home ranch".

The Cawstons lived for years on the first Richter ranch which was sold to Cawston and Lowe. In 1885, (Dick) Cawston went to Ontario to marry Annie Pearson. Their son, Percy, born February, 1887, was the first white child born in Keremeos.

Pioneers that lived here are the Barbers, Armstrongs, and John Neal.

As settlers arrived, the Hope Trail became busier. Hundreds of head of cattle were herded over it from stock ranches of Ellis, Lowe, Richter, Cawston, Haynes, and others that went to the markets at Victoria and New Westminster.

Keremeos was named after "stream running across flats" and "wind channel in the mountains."

Present also had a small steel mill which he packed over the trail

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Py Patsy Weins

First grist mill on the Okanagan was equipped with a stone. The stone was brought from the late Frederick Brent of Okanagan Mission. The stone was brought from San Francisco and came by water to Fort Hope, then by freight to Savona's Ferry, then by water to Fortune's Landing, and finally to the site of Endorby. This was about 1871.

Frederick Brent brought the mill in a home-made wagon (the wheels were made from a single block of stone, from Fortune's Landing by a trail of Round Prairie, Round Lake, and O'Keefe's place to Okanagan Landing. There was no wagon road then to Okanagan Mission, so it was brought down the lake in a rowboat by an Indian named Nitasket. The wagon and rowboat were both owned by the late Luc Girouard.

This mill made three grades of flour and one-third of the grist was toll taken by Brent for grinding the grain. The Indians usually paid in horses, buckskin and other things; the amount they paid being on the same basis.

The mill was erected on Brent's pre-emption claim and was driven by water from Mill Creek. Wheat was brought to the mill from as far south as Keremeos and Osoyoos, and as far north as the head of Okanagan Lake, and usually carried on pack horses. When there was plenty of wheat available the mill would run from the time the ice was out of Mill Creek in the spring, until it froze up in November, grinding about one ton of wheat in a run of twenty hours. The mill sent the stone once a year to San Francisco to be sharpened and tempered and this continued until about the year 1885, when a blacksmith's shop was built in Vernon. Most of the wheat was brought to the mill by the Indians.

Brent also had a small steel mill which he packed over the trail

Patsy Wiens Continued

THE HOPE TRAIL

After the agreement on the Boundary Line in 1846, it was decided to move the Hudson's Bay Company's trade goods from Fort Okanagan on the Columbia. Two trading posts were established, "one at Keremeos on property later occupied by Frank Richter, and one at Osoyoos, on property that later belonged to Theodore Kruger. Both these posts were situated on the Hope-Kootenay trail, which was the route by which many settlers came into the country, and over which they drove their cattle after they became established in cattle ranching.

The Dewdney Trail was made on Canadian territory to avoid continual troubles with Indians and outlaws south of the border who waylaid and often murdered miners travelling through the country. In their ambitious dreams, men of the day saw the trail from Hope to Kootenay as crossing the Rockies and meeting, at Edmonton, a similar road built westward from the Canadian provinces. Their hopes for a national highway are still not completely realized.

OLALIE

The Indians called "Olalie" Olalie because of its great amounts of Olalie which are found in the area. In the 1890's the area was touted as "sure fire" mining country and many, many prospecting claims assaying high in gold values were staked in the surrounding hills. The "Olalie rush" however, never panned out for the rich surface showings never went to depth, so the rush died as quickly as it started and Olalie came just another boom town.

KEREMEOS

By Jean Stewart

Keremeos was a little western town, which stood at the cross-roads of the valley. The word Keremeos was from the old Similkameen Indian word "Keremeyeus" which was supposed to mean either "Windy Crossing Place" or "Where the valleys meet." The first meaning "Windy Crossing Place" is acceptable for the trees in this part of the valley because they lean from the prevailing winds which sweep down the valley from the Ashnola and Upper Similkameen. The second meaning "Where the Valleys meet" is logical for here is the lovely valley of Keremeos.

Keremeos Creek joins the main valley. Keremeos was originally a cattle town until finally fruit ranching superceded cattle in importance.

KEREMEOS CREEK

Keremeos Creek rises near Nickel Plate Lake and winds for 21 miles through countryside until it eventually dumps into the Similkameen River just South of Keremeos.

For the first couple of miles, it falls rapidly through steep terrain but as it emerges from the Green Mountain country near the cutoff it slows down. Once in the valley it makes its way through areas of thick, green bushland but as it moves further west and south the bush gradually gives way to sagebrush.

OLALLA

The Indians called "Olalla" Olallie because of its great amounts of Olallie which are Juneberries found in the area.

In the 1890's, the area was touted as "sure fire" mining country and many, many promising claims assaying high in gold values were staked in the surrounding hills. The "Olalla rush", however, never panned out for the rich surface showings never went to depth, so the rush died as quickly as it started and Olalla came just another boom town.

ASHNOLA

Ashnola is one of the major tributaries of the Similkameen and flows through Ashnola Gap into the main river from Ashnola valley. This river is fed by numerous mountain streams. Easy-going, Kuartm Young, Gillanders, McBride and Ikewadi are a few of the feeding streams. Fishing is good upriver and so is the solitude for this is real backwards country. Civilization seemed to bypass the Ashnola.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ROAD

The Green Mountain Road is all gravel. It branched off the highway. The Green Mountain Road follows the Keremeos Creek for some miles. There is a side road to the ski resort at Apex Mountain and then it dips and follows Shatford Creek east, passing through Allen Grove on the way down through the Shingle Creek area and out to Penticton. As you go along you see lovely scenery. In the summer as you drive up there it is cool and comfortable.

HUDSONS BAY COMPANY

Around 1860, the Hudson's Bay Company had established a semi-permanent post in the Similkameen mainly to winter horses on the great grazing lands and to trade with local Indians. The first post was located at Cawston. It was situated nearly two miles off the old Hope to Fort Colville Trail.

In 1860, Similkameen Post was permanently established and by 1869, Similkameen became a separate district.

But by 1871, however, the fur trade was declining and as a result, both Kootenay and Similkameen districts were closed down.

When the posts were eventually dismantled, another link with the old west vanished and today only barren ground marks their passing.

HISTORY OF FRUIT GROWING

By Bill R

When the name Okanagan is mentioned in any part of Canada or some parts of the United States the idea of fruit growing comes to mind. The first orchard in the Okanagan was in about 1889 around Summerland. The farmer that came here planted a garden and a few apple trees. Soon the trees began to bear fruit. Then he went to Washington to get some more trees. Later a trapper sent him some peach stones, which he planted. Soon they grew and were sold throughout the valley. The farmer found that fruit would not grow in a climate that had 10½ inches of rain annually, so they built a dam of rough logs. By periodic flooding the farmers were assured of better crops. Because of this better crops were being grown in the late 1890's and early 1900's. To pack the fruit they would dump the fruit into bins and then did their own culling, grading and sizing because they didn't have machines. In those days weird packing didn't matter because the demand was greater than the supply. There were problems in fruit growing, too, but the main problem was disease. The worst was green and woolly aphids and apple scab. There was no codling moth, so two or three sprays yearly were sufficient. For the apple scab they applied a dormant spray of lime sulphur, which they cooked themselves. When the fruit season came the farmer would have to take days off to go to market by wagon. People at the market were glad to buy the fruit and paid a good price for it. The sales averaged about \$25.00 a week. Later a lot more orchards started so they had to build a packinghouse. When a deal was made the crops were picked, packed and shipped to save the farmers a lot of time. Nowadays, the orchards supply employment and have an income of about 2 million dollars a year.

THE SIMILKAMEEN INDIANS

By Greg McGlashing

STEAM BATHS

They had steam baths. These were oval pits about four feet deep, and ten feet in circumference, dug out on a river bank and covered with branches and a mixture of mud and straw. A small entrance is left at the side facing the river. Large round rocks were heated to a sizzling point and rolled into the corner of the steamhouse. Then cold water was poured on the hot stones, filling the place with steam. Immediately, a group of naked Indians would dash into the steam house, while someone sealed the entrance with a hide or blanket. They would remain inside until the sweat poured off of them. Then they would then dash out of the steam house and plunge into the river.

STENWYKEN

Stenwyken, the hairy giant who smelt as of burning hair left large tracks near the Indian caches from which he helped himself to the dried meat, fish, roots, and berries stored for the winter. He was often seen at the mouths of rivers catching fish. He never harmed the Indians for he was a peaceful man. However, one day in the long ago at berry time, a young Indian maiden disappeared; it was feared that Stenwyken had carried her away. After a long time she returned to her tribe and told the following tale. Stenwyken had seized her and carried her to a large cave; the floor was covered with skins of bear, deer and mountain sheep. She was given roots, berries, dried fish and meat to eat and was not molested or harmed in any way, but a huge rock was rolled across the mouth of the cave making her a prisoner. When alone she made moccasins of some of the hides, hoping somehow, sometime to escape. One night, when the moon shone bright, she noticed that the stone was not quite tight at the cave mouth and she slipped out. After travelling many miles and for a long time she found her people. Some years later after this episode a maiden of the north Okanagan tribe vanished from the camp. Three years later

she returned and related the story of her capture. Stenwyken had seized her and put pitch on her eyelids and carried her to a large cave. Sometime afterward, she gave birth to a baby but it died. In due time pitch was again put on her eyelids. Then she was carried back to a spot near her people's camp. There the pitch was removed and she was released. Stenwyken remained hidden and watched her safe arrival.

A Japanese working in a mine at the north of the valley was awakened one night when something brushed against his tent. Thinking it was a fellow employed, he went to the door and there stood Stenwyken with his hands out making signs for something to eat. He was given food and left. Again near Lumby, Stenwyken came with hands out asking for food and left peacefully when satisfied.

THE SIMILKAMEEN VALLEY

In the Similkameen valley there are numerous rock painting done by the Indians in the early years of the valley. Each painting carries a story of its own. On the Suesap Creek you can still see the rocks that piled around the wigwams; these are known as the (kee-quillie) holes. Many residents of the valley have found arrow heads, beads, hatchets, and interesting tools used by the valley Indian. Gold and all values were buried with the chiefs and sometimes his horse was killed and put near the grave so that both the chief's spirit and the horses could enter heaven together and therefore the chief would have his favorite horse to ride in heaven.

THE SIMILKAMEEN INDIANS

By Stanley Mattice

The first people to live in the Similkameen Valley were the native Indians commonly known as the Similkameens. They roamed happy and free with trails branching off in every direction and one leading to the Fraser River and over it they carried many things to trade with the coast Indians for salmon bellies, baskets, and wigwag shells.

These the first of the valley and they made their

things to trade with the coast Indians for salmon bellies, baskets, and higrea shells.

Before the coming of the white men these Indians made their living by hunting and fishing. Some of the fish that was caught was smoked for winter use. They also picked berries for winter use.

These Indians had strange ways to cure sicknesses. They used roots and herbs for different medicines. But one of the best, or so the Indians said, was the sweat house. They made it out of bows which were cured in the shape of a small hut and then covered it with mud mixed with straw. A small opening is left facing a river or stream. Then large stones were heated to a very hot point and rolled into the corner of the sweat house. Then water was poured over the hot stones filling the hut with steam. After, one or two Indians would go into the sweat house and stay till sweat was pouring down there bodies. Very quickly they would run and jump into the river or stream.

Ashnola River got its name from Chief Ashnola who was an old Indian Chief. In his cabin he was said to have several scalps of white men. He died at an age of over one hundred and is buried over looking the Highway at the south end of which was Keremeos Center.

There are many sets of Indian paintings in the Similkameen. One of the sets is located about half way between Hedley and Keremeos in a beautiful hideaway and are probably the most noticable in this area. These are the Prisoner Paintings. These paintings are called the Prisoner Paintings because there are two men on horses obviously whites and behind are four Indians tied together and guarding these prisoners are four dogs.

One of the most memorable and puzzling legends connected with the Similkameen Indians was that of the Spanish Mound. This mound is located near where the Green Mountain Road branches off the main highway. It is a low grassy mound in which both long-dead Spanish solders and their armor is buried.

This legend tells the story of an expedition which came to the Similkameen supposedly during the mid seventeen hundreds. They marched up the Similkameen heading north. Somewhere near Keremeos the column halted and set camp until an argument arose between a Indian and a Spanish soldier which led to a small scale battle in which the heavily armed Spaniards killed many Indians. After this battle the Spanish with many Indian prisoners headed north and disappeared up the valley of Keremeos Creek.

It has been said that they went as far north as Kelowna. The next spring for some unknown reason the Spanish retraced their steps southward and reappeared in less numbers than before in the upper part of Keremeos Creek.

After working down the valley floor they camped on a small flat where Keremeos Creek flows out of the hills to rest and graze their tired horses. Several days later the Similkameens in surprising numbers attacked the Spaniards and after a long and bloody battle, killed them to the last man.

After the grand battle, according to the legend the Indians buried the Spaniards and their armor, and weapons, in a small mound somewhere between the old Spanish camp and Keremeos. There they still lie in a long lost and unmarked burial ground.

First Prize

Gay Vesper

Early Inhabitants

The first people to inhabit this area were the Similkameen Indians. They are a mixture of Okanagan, Thompson, Salish tribes in addition to several others. Some of these more known Indian families are Terbaskets, Coloquins, Nehumptions, Qualtiers, and many more.

The first white man to enter this part of the country was Mr. Richter. Although, the Similkameen Indians were supposed to be somewhat hostile, the fact that Mr. Richter had married an Indian princess they let him ranch in the vicinity of the Indian camp, without any harm coming to him.

The Cawston family first came here in the year of 1885. Before this they had lived in England and they moved to Stratford, Ontario where the late Mr. Cawston's family had been one of the first families to settle there. His wife-to-be lived in the nearby vicinity of Stratford. Before he was married, in the year of 1874, he came to Osoyoos and acted as a foreman for his uncle W.H. Lowe and Mr. ^{HAYNES} ~~Hynes~~. Later, he returned to Stratford.

In the year of 1885 he was married and he returned to the area with his wife. In the fall, he came by train to Markcas, Spokane. There, he was met by a pack train which was led by Crooked-mouth Pierre, an Indian of this area. They arrived in Osoyoos with Judge Haynes, his family, and the Krugers just in time for Christmas. At the end of the year they moved on to a ranch, which R. L. Cawston and his aunt Ella Lowe had bought in 1884. This was the "R" Ranch. They ran cattle until 1903 when they moved back to Stratford so that their sons could get a good education.

The present Mr. Cawston married Myrtle Peel in 1919. She came from Saskatchewan. They have four sons and one daughter. Their home is the Old Cawston Ranch House which was built many years ago, although there was

a stone house and log cabin before this.

Cawston Buildings

The first building was the Hudson's Bay Trading Post which was right by the Indian encampment. This was built in 1860. In 1865 Frank Richter built two adjoining log cabins at the present site of the Cawston's home. (He also brought the first fruit trees and grape vines into the valley).

In 1907 the Canadian Northern Railroad started putting in a railway as a mode of transportation. Before this there were several stage lines: one from Phoenix to Keremeos which was operated by Frank Rogers, another from Princeton to Penticton which was operated by Welby, and finally there was one from Washington to Hedley which Sam McCurdy drove. From this time on there seemed to be a fairly regular flow of settlers arriving.

"The Simiklameen Fruit Land Co." was formed in Winnipeg, Manitoba in 1907. In 1909 they started building the cannery. This job was completed around the year 1911.

In 1917 the area was officially named Cawston. In 1920, all the inhabitants joined together in a big building "bee" and the product of their work was the community hall. The job was completed in 1921. At the time of the completion one of the biggest fairs of that area was held.

The first school was held in the Old Cawston Ranch House. Later, a school house was built at the present site. Over the years it has been gradually added to.

Now there are several other buildings. We all hope that through the combined efforts of its inhabitants, Cawston will continue to grow and thrive. Also, we hope that the tremendous success of the fruit growing industry continues.

Second Prize Bernadine Allison

I am going to tell how some of the places on our reserve got their names.

A story which I was told by my grandmother and by my father, tells about a fight between the Shuswap Indians and our Similkameen Indians. The Shuswap Indians came down to a village across from Gottfriedsons now, to kill the people and take their food. This place was called "Shentoloohten" now called Shusap Creek. The Shuswap Indians killed all the people except for one lady and her baby. This lady ran away and went across the border to meet her two brothers who were fishing at Palmer Lake. She told the people at the border of the killing and then went to see her brothers. The brothers set out to catch the Indians and pay them back for what they had done. They caught them at a place called "Thelkosk" meaning "a bank". This place is just above Jim Dawsons. The other tribe was in a line single file, carrying the food and goods they had stolen. The last man in line was to keep watch and he saw the two men coming over a hill. He told the tribe of their trackers and the two men realized this so the older brother said, "They saw us, as soon as I turn my hat around you do the same." They did that and then he said, "Now as soon as I turn around you turn the same way as I do, then we can trot off and fool them." They did this and as they turned they turned into two wolves. They trotted off and howled like wolves. The other Indians wouldn't believe what the watchmen said and told him that it was only wolves. So the Shuswap Indians continued their journey. The two brothers followed as wolves. As dusk grew near the Shuswaps stopped to camp at the Green Mountain junction, which was then called "Schesksthemen" which means "Indian Paintings." As the Indians were sleeping the two brothers crept up with sharp knives and cut the Indian's throats. Some heads were cut right off.

The whole tribe was slaughtered except for four men. The remaining four ran to Yellow Lake where the Similkameen Indians caught them. They caught the last man by the hair and cut his throat. They did this to three of the men. On reaching the last man they said, "We will spare your life, but you must tell your people that me, Alchtholoath, and my brother killed all your people singlehanded." They let him go and returned to Palmer Lake. Alchtholoath is Paul Terbasket's greatgrandfather. This story was told to my father by his grandmother and is said to be true.

Keremeos isn't part of the reserve but I will tell you how it got its name. Quite a few years ago an Indian man wanted to swim across the river just down by the park. He had something very important to get from the other side. It was spring and the flood was at its peak. This was the first man to try and the first to succeed at swimming the river. So the people named the town "Khlere-meos" which means "to swim across." As the white man came the name gradually changed to Keremeos.

Some other places and their names: a place just above Barney Allison's is called "Shenbolthtomthen" which means "camping grounds", Julia Qualt's place is called "Sheeptomchelk" which means "wide opening". The creek just above our place is called "Nehumchin". This was named after a great chief of the reserve. By James Bent's place there is a big curve in the hill which is called "Eraguishanin" which means "a curved rock wall."

There are many more places and stories to tell about. If you would like to know more about these you could ask any older Indian from around here. I am sure that person would be very pleased to tell you our history.

Third Prize

The Great Flood

Debbie Harker

This valley that we live in is changing rapidly and most of the wonderful old historic buildings have been torn down and / or replaced. By some of them and other signs of the first settlers still remain. Some of the first settlers are alive today and almost all of them have old, exciting stories to tell. My grandfather has some pretty exciting ones himself to tell. Some his father told him and some that he experienced.

My great grandfather, William James Manery, came west for the second time, in the year 1887 with his wife Mary Ellen to settle in the Similkameen Valley. They built a small log cabin on what is now called the Rimmer Ranch, two miles south of the community of Cawston. This log cabin which great grandfather built had one small square room with a hardened mud roof and packed-down dirt floor. The door was made of logs put vertically together and in-between he packed mud and moss. This, also, helped to keep more of the heat in. This log cabin served as a kitchen, living-room and bedroom.

Here was where my grandfather, Samuel Robert James Manery was born, March 14, 1888. He was the fourth white child to be born in the Similkameen Valley. In 1890, they moved to another log cabin, which is the present Starkey Ranch, where my great grandfather purchased some cattle. He also got a seven hundred dollar grant from the British Columbia Government to build a first-rate school house. It was at this school that my grandfather started his reading, writing, and arithmetic at the age of six in September 1894.

Due to the unusually heavy fall of snow in the winter of 1893 and 1894, coupled with the late spring and heavy warm rains in the latter part of May and the beginning of June, one of the greatest events in his life took place. This was the great flood which covered the whole Similkameen Valley from end to end and bank to bank in an average of three feet of water.

"One morning," goes the story that my grandfather told me, "I woke up and looked over the side of my bed to see about one foot of water running under it. In the corner were my clothes, soaking wet. What had happened? Somehow I found some dry clothes. My mother and my two little sisters and I climbed up into the attic and watched from the small square window as my father swam across the immense mud puddle to the bank. There he made a log raft from the trees dotted along the bank and brought it

back to the water-surrounded cabin. Then my father took us back to the bench.

Previously, my father had dug a big root cellar and there he took us to live because there was not other place to go. This was our home for the next six weeks. A few mornings before this, in our barn a mother hen who had been sitting on thirteen duck eggs, hatched them and then when the water came, later she was drowned. The thirteen baby ducklings made it out of the barn and swam with the current down the valley for about one-half mile. Here they were caught in an eddy of water and were safe. Meanwhile, when my mother was preparing the cellar for us, my sister and I went out and were playing safely along the bank. When the ducklings heard our voices they scrambled clumsily towards us. After hearing us, instinct must have played its part in telling them they were safe with us, and with us they stayed.

This is just one story - "The Great Flood of 1894" that my grandfather has told me and many others. As I have said at the beginning, there are few pioneers left and very few historical buildings. We should not let this history be left unrecorded. I wish time would permit me to hear and to write down all the exciting stories.

CHINATOWN, GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

By Susan Clarke

In the early days of Keremeos there flourished a fascinating Chinatown. At the height of the season between four to five hundred Chinese men lived here. It was situated from behind the firestation to the road behind the Keremeos Hotel. The Chinese homes were made up of twelve stores including a Chinese laundry. This laundry was run by Sing Lee who did the whole community's washing. The stores were spread all through the bushes and grass. The ground was very soft and marshy and for this reason

CHINATOWN, GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

the stores were connected by little board sidewalks. The stores themselves had similar fronts on them as those in Barkerville.

How and Why Did the Chinese Come?

The Chinese were the only outside labor the farmers of the early 1900's had. The store owners of Chinatown acted as labor brokers. They got the Chinese men for the farmers and the Chinese lived in their stores and bought all their needs there.

Not only did the farmers need outside help but also the Cannery in Keremeos. In 1914 Dominion Cannery built a huge bunkhouse in the center of Chinatown. The bunkhouse held about two hundred men hired to grow and can tomatoes. The railroad company also hired men to build the railroad.

How Did Chinatown Influence the Community?

To visit Chinatown was great fun for the candy-loving generation. To speak Pigeon-English was one of the specialties for Keremeos children. It was common to hear "Do Kwang Yee hablee got candy?"

"Maybe Yee ablee," would answer the chuckling man and out of his pocket would come a few jellybeans just for the children.

Not only did the children enjoy the kindness of these hard working men but the grownups, also. Every year at the Chinese New Year all friends of occupants of Chinatown were entertained and special fireworks from China were set off.

What Happened to Chinatown and Its Residents?

Following the return of the men from the First World War, ill feeling broke out due to the shortage of jobs for the returned men. This was the beginning of the end of Chinatown. One day in the early twenties, fire broke out, enveloping the whole of Chinatown and leaving one lonely store and its frightened occupants. Although no lives were lost, none rebuilt but spread over the province seeking employment elsewhere. The ones

CHINATOWN GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

remaining, living in the solitary store, worked for different ranchers. Through the years, the old ones died off leaving a feeling of great loss to their employees. Two died tragically when one of their friends went insane and shot them, then going to the police and giving himself up. Frontpage headlines in the Province read, "CHINAMAN KILLS BEST FRIENDS SHOTS BEST FRIENDS". The one occupant of Chinatown left, has a home and still works during the summer for the Similkameen Co-op.

The story of Chinatown is still remembered and passed down to a new generation. I hope that this account will carry on the story of Chinatown as told by my Grandfather and father.

HEDLEY

By Charlene Etty

Hedley was named after R.R. Hedley by Peter Scott in 1899. In 1901 J.A. Deardorf built a livery stable, and Tillman, MacDonald, and McCrae bought a sawmill from Phonix and built it at Sterling Creek. The lumber was used to build the mill and flume for the Daily Reduction Company in 1902 and operated till 1918 when it was destroyed by fire. C.E. Oliver built the Commercial Hotel that same year. For many years it was known as the Commercial Cafe until destroyed by fire in 1957. Charles Richter built a butcher shop in 1931. Eugene Quadvlieg known to many as Butch down in this area where he now lives, took over the running of this butcher shop for a few years. This building was burned down in 1956. In that same year the stage coach between Keremeos and Princeton made its first run. In 1903 L.W. Shatford Trading Company building was built and operated by F. French. That same year Hedley's first drug store and post office was started by D.F. Rolls. The post office wicket is now in

HEDLEY

Barkerville. At that same time Jack Fraser built a dance hall. In 1905 the Similkameen Hotel and the following year the New Zealand Hotel were both built, both burning down by 1922. In 1906 the Great Northern Hotel was built and it burned down in 1956. In 1908 the Hedley Hospital was under construction but due to poor financial backing it was not opened until 1910. It was closed in 1930 and it is still standing but only two things have changed. It has aged and it is now a house. On December 23, 1909 the Great Northern Railway's first train reached Hedley's railway station. On the night of the Bobby Burns Dance in January of 1938 the air was split with the roar of rocks thundering down off Stemwinder Mountain. Two people were killed in this disastrous slide. Most of the houses in the doomed area were later moved down to safer areas in Hedley. This area at the northeast section of town is now classed as a disaster area. If you want to buy one of the few houses which still stand there, you can buy the house, but not the land on which it stands because of the fear that there may be another slide. Usually, every spring there are small slides on this mountain but they never reach down as far as Hedley. In May of 1948 there was a flood in Hedley covering about one third of it. There is barely anything left of this part of Hedley and only a few of the people of Hedley know about this part of a once existing section or even of the disastrous flood.

This flowering town which had such a population increase and the town built in just ten years took only one month to lose the biggest part of its population and fame which was achieved through hard work.

There have been mining companies surveying in the mountains towering over Hedley because of the possibility of large amounts of minerals still in these old mountains. If there is, it will therefore build Hedley into a famous town once again like it was before. But I think it can be boiled

HEDLEY

down to just a rumor exaggerated on by dreams of the older people who are old miners and prospectors and their wives. These people make up the main population of Hedley.

HEDLEY

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The Old Hedley School. by Linda Miles

During the years of 1903 to 1905, the mining camp as it was known as: Hedley City, grew rapidly. It was a typical lively "Boom Camp". As a result many new buildings had to be constructed and also hotels and livery stables. Sidewalks were laid and other street improvements were made.

In the summer of 1903 the Grace Methodist Church was built mostly by volunteer labor under the enthusiastic direction of Reverend J. W. Hedley. For quite awhile this church was the only one in Hedley. It was the first one in Hedley and served the community as Headquarters for the Twentieth Century Club, Library and School.

In 1903, the first school for the children was opened in a room at the rear of the Grace Methodist Church. There were 19 children attending sporadically, throughout the year. The sister of Dr. H. S. Whilliams was the first school teacher. She taught under the terms of the "Public School Act" which was administered by a board consisting of Mr. S.L. Smith who was secretary and also Mr. W. A. McLean and Mr. J. Brass.

In 1904 the school was inspected, the report was "That good work was done". This is when Miss Whilliams resigned and was replaced by Mrs. A. J. Colbeck and in September of that same year, the Hedley School District was created.

At the beginning the biggest problem facing the board was in the finding of a suitable site for the school. For a time the site on Ellis Street was occupied and so for a few months the Gazette Hall was used. When inspectors came to say "The teacher is working under difficulties, the room is too small and poorly equipped". (thirty fourth annual report of the Public Schools, 1904-1905 Victoria).

HEDLEY SCHOOL cont.

When the school reopened in August of 1905, Mrs. Colbeck had been replaced by her daughter Alice Colbeck. The house of W.A. McLean had been leased as a school. However, plans had been drawn up for a new school house but tenders received were deemed too high. The School Board got a promise that the Provincial Government would pay the rent until a proper building was constructed, but the Board called it off and decided on another plan.

Several businessmen in town, S.L. Smith and G.B. Lyon, among others, were consulted and they got a lot to build a house on. The school was moved into it before the first day of January 1906 at the cost of \$158.38.

In the meantime, Miss Marine Lamont had become the teacher. In February, 1905, a plan to build a two-room school was announced but delays ensued and the school was not completed until July 1907. Miss H.J. Black was the first teacher in this new school. It was located at the foot of the mountains in the northwest corner of the town site. (The foundation is still located next to Mr. Bromleys').

These teachers worked on a rotation base with \$200. per month. The desks were of course made of wood and large enough for three children to work at.

After a big slide early in January of 1939, that school was torn down and some of its lumber was used to build the present day school which is now located opposite the Hedley Centennial Hall. This use to be an old Indian Rodeo Ground.

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The Best Christmas For Local Pioneers.

Dora Arnison

Outstanding in the memory of Mrs. Anne Innis of Keremeos is a Christmas concert held in the first school in Keremeos in 1907. Miss Ferguson the teacher, arranged for the well-loved Indian poetess, Pauline Johnson, to be a guest and to recite some of her own poems.

Pauline Johnson was on her last tour of Canada after she had returned from a tour with the Chautauguas in the United States. After this tour she settled down in the city of her choice, Vancouver, where she devoted her talents to literature alone until her death there on March 7, 1913.

Fortunate, indeed were the residents of the Valley who attended this memorable concert. Mrs. Etches told me, "I can see Pauline Johnson as clearly today as I saw her on the improvised stage in the old school room in 1907. She was a beautifully poised woman with regal bearing, dressed in a buckskin costume and wearing a beaded headband on her coal black hair. She wore the necklace of bear's claws which she loved. She recited many of our favorite poems, one which I remember especially in which she mentioned Hiawatha; the Indian boy famous in Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poems.

Mr. John Barber and Mr. L. Gillanders told me about this concert, also, which was in a little building along the road to Penticton, past the old hotel which still stands. Mr. Barber spoke of the first hotel owned by Mr. George Kirby, father of Mrs. L.S. Coleman (Rita). Mr. Kirby was the Master of Ceremonies at the concert. Other buildings in that old town, the first Keremeos, were a post office, a butcher shop, a livery stable owned by Mr. D.J. Innis and several dwellings including the Innis' home.

Among the pupils attending that school were George and Mildred Kirby, Ella, Hattie, Anne and Alex Innis, Elwood Bromley, two Barcelo boys, May and Lily Smitheram, (the latter married Dr. McEwin), Paul Shurson, Mrs. Christine Smitheram, the Cohen and Elmhurst Families. Teachers were Mrs. Farral, Miss Ferguson, Rose Armstrong and later Mrs. R. Carmichael.

Returning to the memories of the concert, -Pauline Johnson was the daughter of George Johnson, Head Chief of the Six Nations Indians and His English wife, Emily Howells.

She had recited in London before diplomats, critics and members of the nobility - and still had the kindness of heart and gracious simplicity to recite in this small school, leaving lifelong memories for all who heard her.

Christmas Memories. by Gint Cawston

As Christmas looms in sight in this year of 1967, I think of many through the years and of all the changes that have taken place.

The first Christmas in my memory was in the late 1890's when I was a young boy, shy and rather bashful. Our family and several other families were invited to have Christmas dinner at "Inglewood" the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richter. The Richters had improvised many decorations, using fir and cedar boughs, the room being lighted by candles and kerosene lamps. There was a large cheerful fire in the big fire-place and long stockings were hung from the mantle piece. Each stocking was filled with apples and pulled taffy, candy sticks and a hard brown brittle candy with nuts in the middle. Among our presents was a big book published in England, called "Chatterbox" - a favorite with all the children.

Vivid in my memory of this Christmas is the huge decorated tree and the jovial Santa Claus who delighted all of the children. Long afterwards, I was confused to find that Santa Claus had sent a helper to represent him, an old bachelor friend of ours from across the river, Edward Bullock Webster. It seemed that his memory of days in England had prompted him to unbend to show the Valley children a side of life he had left behind when he came to Canada - In later years he began to colour eggs and to have a big picnic at his home each Easter.

Open House and goodfellowship were traits all the pioneers seemed to have, not only at Christmas but all through the year, especially at Christmas time, however, people went great distances and kept up morale and Christian understanding.

In 1903 to 1910 our family was in Ontario and there we enjoyed an eastern celebration. At Christmas there, plenty of snow made sleigh riding a delight. The ride in the cutter sleigh on the old Huron Road with its pitch holes was fun, especially for the children. I can still hear the jingle of the many sleigh bells and the shouted greeting to others enjoying a winter's outing. The highlight of the season, of course was Christmas at Grandma's, my Mother's old home. After dinner we worked off excess energy sleigh-riding in the hills and skating on the old Village pond. What happy times to remember.

My next thoughts are of the hard times we had in the "Dirty Thirties" when my wife and I skimped for weeks to make Christmas for our youngsters. Those were happy times, when our kids and the neighbour's all seemed to have hollow legs and when carving the meat seemed an endless job. Now, as they come home with their own children, I notice these sons of ours ready to skip off to play with the children's toys before I finished the first course. The toys these days are fascinating, we must all have a turn with them!

Times have changed from candles and home-made decorations to tinsel and all electric gadgets, and endless commercialism by mail, radio and TV.

I wonder, as I reminisce, how many will visit shut-ins, homes where there is sickness or other misfortunes, elderly pensioners; how many will attend church services, showing to the family and the friends and neighbours true Christian fellowship and show that Christmas is not just a season of concerts, parties, gifts and merriment. May we help to keep the Christmas a spirit all the year through.

-Well, it has been a dry year, the roof didn't leak, my car broke down and my old horse isn't what he used to be. We may have a flood in 1968! - but all in all, we enjoy moderately good health, the weather's good in our beautiful valley-So have a very Merry Christmas one and all! A Friend.

Just Another Evening

Gint Cawston

A Sunset-

To those below it was but another evening
 The close of yet another day.
 To us high up it was another wonderous sunset;
 Finale of the sun's great bursting light
 Seen in the east so many hours away.

The mountain top with fading light took on a sombre hue
 Each little mountain's silhouette was plainly seen below,
 And far to rim of mountain ranges the sunset burst in view.
 Between the rows of rolling clouds eastward bent
 A forgotten job to do.

Dark gun-metal clouds keep rolling up
 And in between the blue, each one edged with milky white:
 Elfin gold beams streak in and out
 And some of rich red hue.
 While others farther north are almost mother pearl
 With scores of shades too fine to name.

As time goes on the flame is turned to purple
 The sombre roles of state proclaim that night will soon be on.
 Arron, a mountain lookout, far off but not alone
 Ern looks towards Joe, and Joe knew Bob was looking too;
 Bob wondered if the other ones had seen the view.

It was just another end of day
 To them, another sight its wonders stored away
 With the promise of another one if God would have it so,
 And in the darkening night to those who watch the sun come up
 And the sun go down a tranquil night.

AMEN !

Oliver & District Heritage Society

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